

Twenty (ent)

# MACLEAN'S

"Canada's National Magazine"

60865

## A New Serial Starts "The Magic Makers"

By

ALAN SULLIVAN



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## JANUARY

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## MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. B. MACLEAN, President T. B. COSTAIN, Editor D. B. GRUBBS, Manager

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Let this treatment give you the charm of a flawless skin.

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment every night and a whole new skin has every face, made it takes on a smooth texture, a soft glowing color.

Let face your skin's health with Woodbury's Facial Soap and steam water. Apply it to your face, and distribute the latter thoroughly. Wash this time all your face. It washes the skin, always using an upward and outward motion. It is not with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry your skin well.

A six-cent value of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month of this

treatment. Give a rub today. It is for sale at druggists and beauty counters everywhere in the United States and Canada. Wash your skin, gradually improve on you and have the most glowing skin, the most refined eyes—confident of its smoothness and loveliness.

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For a, we will send you a sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of use. Woodbury Treatment, with the booklet—"A Skin You Love to Kiss." For this we will send you in addition to the soap and booklet, six tubes of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today, tell us in The Address: American Co., Ltd., 233 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



## WANTED— HUNDRED POINT MEN By GEORGE A. SIMPSON

**A**LL over this great Continent, geographically known as the United States of America and Canada, there are to-day many prosperous industries which were, a few short years ago, facing serious financial embarrassment and failure.

¶ These industries in many instances had been grossly mismanaged, while in others, lack of capital and kindred (ills contributed to their condition; but it matters not now what was the cause; it is Results and not explanations we are interested in, as results count and the facts are, these conditions did exist.

¶ Then came the War, and as if by magic all was changed; from Adversity to Prosperity was a short shift and even industries that were wavering on the ragged edge of failure took on a new lease of life and assumed a prosperous air. The stupendous demand for products of every description was, and is, such that extension of plant and increased production became the order of the day and under these unprecedented conditions, business to-day is pushing the men who, under normal conditions, could not push business.

¶ The whole structure—Agricultural, Industrial, Commercial and Economic—has been undergoing the most drastic change the World has ever known. But how about the man? And how about business, with its increased facilities for production and its corresponding overhead expense, when this demand ceases and Competition sets in?

¶ 'Tis said the leopard changeth not his spots, and this, in a measure, applies to business management. The test of fitness will come when the Commercial War begins and a new order of things exists, to which we must adjust ourselves. A tremendous momentum has been started and maintained on business we did not seek, and the Wheels of Industry have been greased with prices exceeding our wildest dreams. We have been floundering in position, on a tidal wave of business, far and above the jagged rocks of competition, which await us when the tide recedes. What then?—is a question worthy of sincere consideration NOW.

¶ To successfully cope with the new conditions and maintain our progress will create a demand for Hundred Point Men. Men who are well balanced—men who are not one-sided in their development, whose energies do not seep into narrow channels, while the main streams of ability are allowed to run dry—men who are broad, who do not take half views of things—men whose education has been received in the school of hard knocks, whose capital is Knowledge acquired through experience, who mix common sense with theory and do not permit the technical to distort their practical viewpoint of everyday life—men who have studied men and mastered conditions, whose love of humanity knows no bounds, who despise pretence and worship a good name—men who can decide and whose decisions are intelligent and just, who see education and development, discipline and character in their occupation—men who can co-operate more successfully than they can compete—men who can honorably and persistently produce results—such men as these are the Executives of the future—HUNDRED POINT MEN.

On the counterpane by her side lay a smaller cluster of buds, very beautiful dark red Glair de Lyon roses.

See "The French Count" Page 35.

—Charles F. Johnson

## Volume XXXI

JANUARY, 1918

Number 3

## The Magic Makers

A Story of Mystery and Adventure in Canada

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Inner Door," "Misadventures," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

ON a slope of the Calton Hill a big man sat staring at the shivering roofs of Edinburgh Tower; his face, brown and weather-beaten, had a whimsical smile, and his eyes, half-closed, were deep in thought. From time to time he glanced indifferently at the expanse

entire of the ancient city, but always his gaze returned to a certain corner of a stretching paper that lay unfolded on the grass beside him. Laying over the broad shoulders an observer might have read the following:—

"The undersigned desires to communicate with no other person having had recent experience in Sweden, Canada, Fin-  
land or Norway." Andrew G. Dal-  
gleik, 601 North Wilson  
Street, Birmingham.

Picking up the paper he read the notice almost without seeing it, as might was his brain on unspoken thoughts, till, presently, he heaved up his massive frame and started down hill in profound meditation.

Half an hour later, David Andrews, warden to the warden, peered with unshared interest at the great bulk of the man who filled his office doorway. "You sent up word that you wanted to see me?" he said after a moment of uncomfortable silences.

Sergeant MacTier nodded. "It's about you notice in the Newshaven," he answered briefly.

In the course of the next ten minutes he extracted from the big man sufficient information about his immediate past to

**Review: 'Gore'.**—Shirley is presented the first instalment of a new serial story by the author. This function neither has caused a wide recognition by the publication of the novel, *'The Green Road'* in *The New Nation*. Mr. Shirley presents a story of some wide interest, all of allowing himself out with a few lines of mystery.

As that MarTwr groned "Will the  
Comptroller of the Royal North-West  
Mounted Police do?"

"Well," said the big man, "we'll leave it at that."

A LITTLE silence followed after which Andrews speeded a brass-bound box in the corner of his office, and unfolding a small parcel of documents, began to talk in a level voice that, in spite of his amplified every now and then as he met the steady gaze of the group eyes of Sergeant Mac-

"Three years ago," he commenced dispassionately, "a friend of mine, Mr. Kinnear, of Alameda county, came to this office and made his will. Mr. Kinnear, who was possessed of considerable means, left his entire property to his only son, Henry. A person was made in the will that should Henry marry without his father's consent, the property would revert to another branch of the family. Very shortly after that Mr. Kinnear informed me that his son had become engaged to a young woman, that a violent dispute had taken place

known, and, as a result of this, Henry had left home over night. Mr. Russell, who was never very strong, took the matter greatly to heart and died within six months. His disease, I might say, was without question hastened by remorse and anxiety. I discovered almost immediately that the person to whom Henry Russell was attached was in fact



The mysterious map that came from Henry Stansel led to the far north

makes true seed word to the entire effect that for the present he was not to be disturbed. As the next revival went on he became impatient at much by what Sergeant MacIver did not say as by the broad outline he sketched, but it was probably help which drew from Anderson a mechanical enquiry as to what reference might be available.

a very admirable young woman, so much so that, when she heard of the proven inutility of the war, she decided to marry young Bernard while that proven was in force. His maiden name was not so good as her father's at the time of the divorce, but she further earned that name through her own work, at the present time of her father's divorce. Father's name was Andrews, "that you may be fully apprised of the circumstances of the case, which was in fact that there was a large property owning Henry Andrews' ownership and that he is in perfect liberty now to marry any one he chooses." The girl, he concluded, "is in Scotland and heaping her on him."

"No!" "Aye, that's done."

"No!" resumed Andrews thoughtfully, "we revert to young Bernard. We know that he used to travel from Scotland to Canada. We know also that he was in Montreal and subsequently went with some queer girls called Cobalt, where I am not sure there are silver mines. We are aware, further, that from Cobalt he kept on north, but since then we have heard nothing. If I say nothing I mean nothing intelligible you understand."

Jack shook his great head. "No," he said wisely, "I don't understand."

Andrews smiled. "Well, here is bullet communication, if such you can call it."

IN the bag palm of Bernard, MacTier the soldier held a soft brown bundle perhaps two inches in diameter and six inches long, and at the touch of the lid of Jack's knive was lifted and there floated back on him all the mystery and aspect of the warlike formation, at the vast unknown of the North. Then, the last message of Henry Bernard, was carried on a crisp soft velvet hole from which still sprang the sharp and smoky odor of some time extinguished and far distant camp fire.

Slowly he unfolded it, exposing its soft texture with lightning speed. Lying flat it was, perhaps, an inch thick. As nearly as he could make it, the hole was that of a white linen, long too thick for garden or better far, the most devoid of all far possible whether that was the thing that held him. After which Jack examined a half dozen times, looked at the hole, and then, without a word, he said, "That's all."

"And that," said Jack slowly, "is all you have."

The soldier smiled gravely. "That," and an old photograph of young Bernard, and what I can tell you of him myself. I'm afraid there's nothing more."

Jack rubbed the soft hole between his hand. "There's aye." "How did this get here?"

"Carefully enough, by post, with the address almost unchangeable. I've never been able to trace it. In that case."

"In that case," said Jack slowly, "perhaps we'll go on with the story."

Andrews drew on his desk and looked hard into the grey eyes. "Mr. MacTier," he commenced, speaking almost with a shudder, "what I am about to propose may seem almost to you, but I make bold to propose it because in the back of my head I find that it will be possible. Will you go to Northern Canada in search of young Bernard? I say this knowing full well that with the information that exists the attempt may be, and probably will be, a wild goose chase. But since looking to me I have got it like my head that, if anyone can

find Bernard, you can. I ask no promise from you—nothing but the attempt—and what I will be satisfied, whether or not you can do it."

A LITTLE while after the offer during which Jack sat up, and, looking to the window, stood out at the beautiful heights of Edinburgh Castle. His mind was it sudden flash. There he returns after years as a merchant in the East. Jack, and the marriage in Montreal, he had been great and beautiful, that such things could come to a man like himself. For always at night time there would be before him upon the magnificent panorama of the Fair House. There came to him one the mysterious and which emanated from supposed riches. It was in his blood now he knew that, that by his own suggestion, perhaps that really the war was so he could be had so far from making to conjecture. Now the thought he might take either one way or the other as he felt himself. On one hand were Margaret and Elise, and on the other a world of men to choose from for friends and comrades, while on the other the living curtain of fire had revealed separation from those he loved, danger, hardship and that fierce control in which was gifted himself against the elemental forces of natural things. He stared and looked back at the soldier.

"I am a married man," he said, under his breath.

"No, MacTier," came the instant answer, "married or not, you are the man for this job. It means, perhaps, three years work, but independence. I am free to say that whatever funds you possess are at your disposal. Will you think it over and see me in the morning? Now all that came through Jack's mind as he walked slowly home, and of the thought look on his face when he met Margaret's happy glance, and of the quick intuitive grasp (had certainly not at work in his action much) it is not necessary to write, but it happened that that night, when he came to his room, Jack's work and, being a married man, of the Sergeant as the link in front of him, and in the new world of all far possible whether that was the thing that held him. After which Jack examined a half dozen times, looked at the hole, and then, without a word, he said, "That's all."

"I know it." She shot him a look of supreme intelligence.

"And how might you have known of it yourself?" he demanded.

"Jack," she said slowly, "I've been a soldier since I was twelve, and I've been in the last three days. And now listen. I have you, that's all, and I have such other, that have been made me blind, and others I have told thought that you have never experienced and you're not an average strange thing of which you have never told me."

The boy heard word. "It's nothing, Margaret. I just dropped in to see you people and they asked me to go and search for a man without knowing where to look for him."

"In the North—your old country?" she demanded.

"Aye, just that, but there's nothing to it."

She shook her head. "I don't believe you, and what's more you don't want me to believe you and you're just talking for my sake. Now let us say something far from Jack. Jack, the place you were asked to go is not here in Scotland, or at least not in the present. I respect you, and such in my faith in you, that I say your place is where your work will be. I remember that there must be many men who have never heard the name, and consequently many men are needed, but I am too proud of you to waste you wherever it might be. You are serious and wonderful, Jack, to other people, just as you are to me, and I don't want you to lose that, just because you married me. But you must always feel so free as the air is sweeter the soil that is meant for you."

Deep in the soul of Margaret MacTier stirred something that kept on its way like spreading fire. It was a passionate frankness born of the utter knowledge that here beside her was one in whose breast lay not only love and confidence, but also a spirit and will to understand.

Her sense of a woman in the world, was one when from now on he could be in ship with an abundance of courage in that his comprehension compassed not only his spirit, but the very heart and pulsing body of him as well. In the moment there was lighted in him the power and highest flame that ever glows in mortal organism.

Without a word his arms went out, and like a bird seeking to his nest, Margaret slipped into them and laid her head on his shoulder.

THAT was the way of it, and when Jack returned to the soldiers' office next morning his head was held high and there was a new light in his face.

Andrew took it all very quietly, having been extremely conversant from the start with Bernard MacTier was God send the situation by date for this particular purpose. Thereupon he made certain swift arrangements which put MacTier in personal possession of more money than he had ever seen in his life, and, looking up at the clock, gave him information he could about young Bernard.

"Life is said," he said, "that this job, and every other, and every other, is an athletic when he was here and had a proper for example. It was said that he could take in days and hours almost in some language of that sort. As I remember him he was restless and high spirited and quite devoid of any kind of fear."

"Photograph?" interrupted Jack.

"I'm sorry but I've only one. It's a snapshot taken five or six years ago," Andrews pushed it over. "I'm afraid you can't make much of that."

Jack stared hard, saw a young man about seventeen with black curly hair, broad shoulders, and laughing eyes. He was looking over something that looked like a box.

"What's that?" put in the big man.

"That? Oh! An electric battery. He was always experimenting with it and

playing tricks, and this time he was caught in the act."

"Then this photograph and you may be the only evidence?" Jack passed his eye. "I'll be taking them with me if there are no objections."

"Of course," Andrews hesitated a moment. "When do you think you can leave?"

Bernard MacTier reached for his hat. "I'm leaving now," he said softly.

## CHAPTER II

TWO weeks later Jack stood in the wait room of the Deputy Commissioner of the Royal North-West

Mounted Police. He did not stand long for a receipt of his name as candidate for nomination in his father's seat, with

(Continued on page 116)

The new man here, who was a candidate for nomination in his father's seat, with

(Continued on page 116)



J.W. BEAT



### Dr. Clarke's Work for the Mentally Unfit

**M**ORE than fifty years ago, on the very day that the bells pealed for the entry of the Canadian province, a little lad came to Toronto with his mother on a social visit to Dr Joseph Workman, medical superintendent of what was then known as the "Provincial Lunatic Asylum."

The last was prophetic, the mission enervating. The child whose sympathies were then enlisted for the cause was Charles Kirk Clarke, acknowledged to be to-day Canada's greatest alienist and psychiatrist. His life has been devoted to the cure of the insane in asylums. Now, in seeking the solution of the cause of their dread malady he is launching out on pioneer research work which promises far-reaching benefits to the world.

When in his sixteenth year he was ready for the university, Dr. Workman wrote him an eventful letter, the terms of which was that if he was determined on medicine as a career a position as clinical assistant awaited him staff of the Provincial Lunatic. Young Clarke accepted the appointment.

Mr. Clark is a golden age. The students of Dr. Workman as a teacher were affectionate, those as a friend were affectionate. Associated with Clark were W. C. Russell and A. F. Ross. It was their custom to go to the home of Dr. Workman every evening after school, when supper was served. Clark released from the cares of a day talked heartily on all subjects, including his eager students with the never-ending study and appears every aspect of life if they were not disinterested in their profession. Dr. Clark was out of all the very earnest endeavor to practice these precepts from the New Testament, but the other best witness is their evergreen devotion.

**W**HEN Dr. Workman retired, Clarke stayed on, completed university course. Later, he took office of assistant superintendent. Swedish system. This was in 19

[illegible]

Although his resignation was pending and he had leased a house in Hamilton where he proposed to enter active prac-

ner, was the superintendent of Rockwood and, after the failure of his first business, he remained at his post. He speedily laid down the policy which was thereafter to guide his course. He became a pioneer in introducing the modern compartment classification of the famous Lake Canada, for there are many types of resorts, which are of different kinds. There are various divisions of other organs of the body. He introduced therapies into his treatment, bringing chemistry to the level of other physical sciences. He repudiated the statistical principal in management, regarding the human factor as the most important. He adopted the method of treating each case separately.

Today, largely through De-  
Clair's efforts, all institutions  
for the insane in this country are  
run as "hospitals." Moreover,  
as he realized at the outset  
that he would be seriously handicapped  
by the lack of a medical school,  
he set up a series of courses  
of reform which trained and in-  
telligent nurses were available to  
assist him. Hence he founded  
a training school for nurses at  
the front of Kewwood, one of  
the best of its kind in the world.  
His course demanded a high order  
of intelligence and a high degree  
of superior ability was  
attributed to the school. They  
were inspired by their chief's en-  
thusiasm, and gradually the  
whole appearance and atmos-  
phere of Kewwood was changed.  
That wards were beautiful  
and comfortable, well equipped

[illegible]

one went abroad and it became the  
case of persons seeking information  
on the case of the means. For  
on the parents was marginal. In  
a woman marked by her interests  
Continued on page 105.

## Experiences in the North Sea Patrol

**Barrett's Note.**—An effort is being made to press articles dealing with the Latin American scene as news. In last issue appeared the story of a seer. Hereafter is presented the appearance of a young Canadian who has arrived in the North Sea, posted graciously near the start of the war. In future issues other denunciations of the present will receive attention in the form of descriptive articles.

**H**AD he been born eighty years ago he would have been a Christian, and have feared the adventure for which his soul seemed to be longing along a dusty highway in a chosen and free, as fascinating—and maybe looking past it—those folk costumes of the old-time prairie. However, as he first saw the light of day in the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and first encountered the world he had advanced years of more or less discretion, he discovered his turn-out in the motor-car.

He was a bright young fellow, and, had circumstances compelled him to work for a living, he would have been a first-rate slaps to anyone command of any middle class in rather less than a fortnight. That was one of those charming metaphors which could do more to impress the mind than any number of facts. I could tell you whether the lightning-bolt was a little slack, or whether the counterbalance was much overloaded. And, which was worse, he was a very good-looking fellow, with a pleasant smile and an assurance that lightning-bolt or counterbalance or whatever he was to be in charge of "all" and "every" of particularly smiling upon me of the fact that I was a fellow of the same age of truth and the subconscious knowledge of the right thing to do in an instantaneous emergency which are as

the swimmer was only to be expected, when the manager's mission was to attract the interest of the more adventurous youth on his side of the Atlantic, he planned into the aquatic sport with all the fervor of an enthusiast, and rapidly became expert—efficient in the handling of many hydroplanes and all their kindred craft.

Forced to forsake his personal recreation, he was able to devote his spare hours which came to him from time to time (in practical shape) and the result of his many improvements on his own racing boat was that he began to carry off, at the principal regattas the petrol-driven craft, more boats, skiffs, and canoes, and that he created a new era in his subject, now generally, their

"I'm going into this," he said. "I've got an idea that the navy will be able to use me and my boat; surely there's some way in which my peculiar knowledge of



"Your services can be best utilized, at present, in the work you are doing," said

The young Testament bowed to the music, and glanced on a cylindrical scroll of hope from that "at present."

NOVEMBER came—the November of that first terrible massacre—and she remembered just a change in her work. She was detailed to run messages for men, two great battle-floors, both of them, on certain important harbors, started along the canals of the Germans and the "Devil Dogs" who were in the water. She was among the cowardly soldiers, in time, and that worst a hour was to separate him. For these dreary days and nights, when the machine guns started rough, up and down, when the planes in the air were dropping bombs, when the ships were firing through everything, when machine guns started great columns on seaward and landward, when life became almost unbearable. Indeed, I think it would have become crueler in but for one little episode toward the end of the war. It was the day when the German fleet came out.





Pamela's fingers passed in their task. Van Teyl glanced at him. The newspaper was snatching the evening papers, which he laid down upon the table.

"Is there anything more I can do before I go to bed?" he asked, with his usual reverential little bow.

"Yes, you have!" Van Teyl exclaimed. "Hurry! Hurry!" he repeated, impatiently.

"What?" he asked, down by a bench. Pamela sat, "outside the hotel!"

Moment looked from her to the other with an air of protest.

"I have been to my room in the apartment quarters," he told them, "on the twenty-second floor. I have not been downstairs at all. I have not been sleeping and am now in my bed."

Van Teyl clasped his forehead.

"Let me get down," he exclaimed. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, have you?"

"No, I haven't," he answered. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, have you?"

"No, I haven't," he answered. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, have you?"

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"No, I haven't," he answered. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, have you?"

the inner room. Pamela then open the note attached to the room by her maid. And read it slowly through—

Dear Miss Van Teyl,

I am so sorry, but the trouble we had had planned for today must be postponed. I have an urgent message to go south, to support—but no matter! It's hardly disappointing. I hope we may meet in a few days.

Sincerely yours,

John Lomberton.

Pamela laid down the note, conscious of an undefined but distinct sensation of disappointment. After all, it was not so wonderful to wake up and find oneself in New York. The van was planned, the little party of six which came in through the window across the park delightful and exhilarating, yet something had come out of the day. Assuredly it was self-satisfaction, she asked herself, what? It was, without a doubt, something to do

with Lomberton's departure. She tried to face the question of her disappointment. Was it possible to feel any real interest in a man who purchased a Government post to the army at such a time, and who had brought his golf club with him to America? Her imagination for a moment revolved around the problem of his apparently unselfish and yet, in some respects, contradictory personality. Was it really her fancy or had she, every now and then, detected behind that famished, modest countenance of something deeper and more serious, something which seemed to indicate a life and aims of which nothing appeared upon the surface? She clasped her knees and sat up in bed, listening to the sound of the running water in the next room. Was there any possible explanation of his apparent appearance on the night before with a flaming pocket-book and a concealed story? The electronic man on earth could hardly have grasped her position with Fisher and intervened in such a manner at the psychological moment.

Yet he had done it, she reflected, guiding thoughtfully at Fisher's gift. If indeed, he knew what was passing around him to the extent, how much more knowledge would he not possess? She felt the little silver bell around her wrist.

At least there was no one who could take Stanley Lomberton's secret from her until she chose to give it up. Shopping for a moment that Lomberton was also out for the great things, was he faced by her attitude? If he knew as much, he must know that the secret remained with her. Perhaps, after all, he was only a plain dealer in intrigues.

Pamela looked and glanced, sent for her brother, and, to his horror, as noted upon an American breakfast.

"It's quite true," she said, "but I don't after you, Jimmy," she said severely, as she watched him send away his grape fruit and get helpfully at his knees and eyes.

"You're going to come over a new little young man."

"I shall be sure," he confessed to her brother, and, to his horror, as noted upon an American breakfast.

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"Gave away on his Government work," Pamela answered. "I don't make and some more from him. Don't let's talk about it, Jimmy. I keep on getting new ideas, and I know what I want to talk about."

"I want to talk about it," he replied.

"You're talking of the sort, then, and that's all right," she said, "but you're out of the trouble. That's all. Hurry down to the office and sit on your own."

"I want to talk about it," he replied.

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## CHAPTER XV

PAMELA opened her eyes the next morning upon a distinctly pleasant night. At the foot of her bed was an enormous bundle of pink curtains. On the counterpane by her side lay a smaller bundle of white, very beautiful, dark red Gilette de Dijon. Attached to these latter was a

"What do these flowers mean, Leah?" Pamela asked the maid who was moving about the room.

"An hour ago, madame," the girl told her.

"Read the name on the card," Pamela directed, pointing to the name of pink flowers.

"Mr. Oscar B. Fisher," the girl read out, "with respectful compliments."

Pamela smiled.

"He doesn't know, then," she murmured to herself. "Get my bath ready, Leah."

The maid disappeared into





A short brick wall—and without a handy gutter pipe—about as fast up to the window ledge, downstage street. He felt the blood of the sailor in the Valley of Diamonds.

He turned his head down the alley. It was a red de ar. He looked toward the main street. Ah! Two women, a man and a girl, in summer attire, hurried past, presumably late arrivals. Harriet's large nose eagerly grasped the idea. There must be an audience in that seat!

He trotted to the alley's end, and peered around cautiously. Across the street was a glass-fronted store, with other wide open and a shining automobile in front. It looked interesting. Harriet kept across the dark street on his feet, took the sidewalk in a shallow dip and poked his inquisitive nose inside.

**P**ERHAPS this tale should have started at a point earlier in the evening. It soon might have been turned a wee back many years to the time, when Roy the Duke and Harry Sims and Jack, 15-year-old, went to school together. Myrtle was a

she. While things on these days with her have done in long fawn curls and Harry Sims was her acknowledged beau. Jack, Harriet wrapped her from after. He was too much and trouble to show his devotion by action or word but it is probable that Myrtle sensed it.

The relationship had been maintained between the three right through school days and up to the time this story began; except that, when Harry then left town for a few years in search of a fortune in the busy world that lay beyond his horizon, Jack had come forward on a bent-out and rather self-sufficient encounter. When Harry returned, without the fortune of course, but with a variety of manner that showed a boyhood outlook for which Jack hastily adjusted himself again.

Soon after his return Harry Sims became a devoted teacher at the local academy.

He lived at home and his feet at the academy enabled him to dress well. The first Harry's philosophy of life to a complete degree, especially as Myrtle had some look to her old appearance. Some day something would turn up and they would be married. That satisfied Harry.

In the meantime Jack himself had been going about his business quietly, but with a degree of determination that set his jaw in firm lines. On leaving school he had become a junior in the office of Sawyer's largest industry. Here he was held accountant and during a salary that enabled him to lay aside a dollar every month. He had created his savings so well that a next two-story brick house up on Division Street, with an acre of ground around it and a tiny little new sister in the front garden, belonged to him without a word of consideration. Jack was married among the solid business men of the town.

"THIS brings the whole story up to date. Except that earlier in this momentous evening, day-going Jack Harriet had reached a maiden and rather surprising decision. As a result of it he had called on Myrtle Duke.

Myrtle came tripping down to the front porch in a most dainty "puffy" dress, in pink and silvery and altogether beautiful. It took poor Jack's breath away. Her hair never looked more beautiful.

Others were looking up the rear seat with the quiet calm of people in a theatre box.

"My very sorry, Jack," she said, "but I'm going to dance tonight. Harry will be around for me very late now."

Jack gulped and glanced ahead with a speech that he had been slowly rehearsing.

"Before you go, Myrtle," he said, looking directly out of the window and speaking very fast, "I want to ask you something. I guess you're aware that I've been in love with you for years. I've realized, of course, it is I had an right to expect that you would think of me and of course, it's been easy to say that you've preferred Harry but then of course— Look here, Myrtle, I'm going to ask you anyway. Will you, would you marry me?"

Myrtle had collected into a big splash and was staring him with a look that might have been deemed monstrous by a more observant sister.

"I'm going to talk straight, Myrtle—

went on Jack, knowing his gaze turned to her face at last. "Harry is a fine fellow and I am astonished why you prefer him to a slow, ordinary sort of fellow like me—but you know that he can't—well, getting anywhere. Now I have a home and a pretty fair position and money in the bank and I could make things pretty comfortable for you and I'll pay that home tax bond I'll try to make you happy! So I ask thought, I would—er, tell you about it anyway."

**H**E ended rather lamely, and his gaze wandered off across into space. Myrtle, meanwhile, took the situation into her own hands.

"Ten times, I've always told you a lot, Jack," she said. "You are not slow or ordinary but I believe I love you because you think you are. You would make a better husband than I deserve and what you say about Harry is quite right. But I am rather dubious

myself that he hasn't been waiting for me where I am."

She glanced and her gaze is then was turned off to the window.

"I can't make up my mind. I've always felt that my husband has to be kind of—romantic." She read about these young fellows who run away and build castles and who cannot as well stand and about soldiers who go home to comfort. And then she said a wonderful thing. You know what I mean. And so I just can't make up my mind to settling down in the town where it is that lovely house of mine. Jack. And then, ten times, Harry has said and done such wonderful things. You remember when he was on that big ship and it struck an iceberg and he saved me of course and the others after managing for hours in the freezing water."

At this moment a note at the door had announced the arrival of the him of the evening speech at present. He Myrtle gave Jack's hand a quick and sympathetic squeeze and he ended good-bye in the hall and crowded out into the dark. He had taken his chance and lost.

For an hour or so Jack Harriet tramp of the streets in a fit of an age-depression. He heartily and unwisely blamed Harry Sims and his little stories of his poor services. No one in town believed him, at least none of the way. He saw a pair, light-colored day, without the usual to perform any of the engine that he was really retained in the joys of celestial daylight. And yet his last stand between Jack and the fulfillment of the great ambition of his life, the wedding of Myrtle.

Suddenly, Jack's determination rose to life. He was going to fight! He would

work right in that very night. He would go to that dance himself!

Accordingly he hurried off in the direction of the public hall where the dance was being held. Across the street from the hall was a cash store and Jack decided to go well armed for the fray. He stopped in next purchased the most expensive hat of diamonds in the shop. With this under his arm he turned to leave the store and the the money salesman said:

**A**HEW! Harry Duke stood in the store doorway, in black velvet, accompanied someone that he had met with previously as a date, a party!

Now, wonderful, for Harriet had seen him as he had been in the hall. He had seen him in the hall but he was full of his own first of his own—Harry and someone is an attitude of sympathy. But Jack did not observe the first of his own. He saw Harry's face. All his life he had seen the powerful gaze extended toward him and it was Harry's face, despite his eyes and a shadow. There was a touch of steel and his left arm plunged through the case to the shoulder. "Hey, Jack, in—darkly glowing for a second, based on a box of chocolates. Then he had a hand and for long enough to remember that there are kind of words. They, drawing him and he barely time of the rest of the hat and showed the silver-colored hair with rays.

Harriet stopped, smiled at one of the women, tried it and then settled down on her husband. His gaze swept up the corridor from the floor almost as fast as Jack could throw them to him and he was marked with steady speed. This was real equipment; and Harriet's

Continued on page 87.



Harriet stopped on the floor and first impulse was to engage in wild fight.

































*Goodyear Tires, along with Goodyear Tubes and Goodyear Tire-Saver Accessories, are easy to obtain from Goodyear Service Stations everywhere. Watch for this emblem, and enjoy the benefits of Goodyear service wherever it is shown.*

# On All Four Wheels

Goodyear engineers, after many tests, believe Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires to be the best insurance of safe winter driving. On the rear wheels they prevent skidding around corners, and when you apply your brakes suddenly. On the front wheels they enable you to get out of muddy ruts or to cut across snowy car tracks with safety. Yet they steer as easily as a smooth tread tire.

Goodyear Tires are better in many ways. Yet the price is reasonable because they are made in Canada. From the table below you can see what a saving you make. Even good, plain tread tires imported from the United States cost you more than Goodyear All-Weather Treads made in Canada.

Size	Style	Cost of Goodyear Tires if Imported	Goodyear Made in Canada Prices	Saving to Canadian Motorists
30 x 3½	Plain	\$26.00	\$20.00	\$ 6.00
	All-Weather	30.42	23.00	7.42
32 x 3½	Plain	30.42	21.00	9.42
	All-Weather	35.55	25.00	9.55
34 x 4	Plain	44.46	34.30	9.66
	All-Weather	51.94	41.75	10.19
36 x 4½	Plain	62.62	48.60	14.02
	All-Weather	73.17	58.30	14.87
37 x 5	Plain	76.66	58.55	18.11
	All-Weather	89.70	73.20	16.50

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strator is far beyond for an alien who sits at the state department. At the time of his arrest, the man was in the United States, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself. The man was a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself. The man was a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself.

Following his last, everybody in the state department is in a state of confusion. The man is a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself. The man was a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself.

and is about to begin his life. He is a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself. The man was a Canadian, and his arrest was a surprise to the state department, as well as to the man himself.

## Reclaiming the Zuider Zee

New Holland is Pumping a Great Sea Dry

GLAZING an unending tremendous task, the more the Netherlands reclaim their country now drained by the Zuider Sea it simply means that a great sea must be pumped out and protection provided against further encroachment. This is the story of the Dutch people's battle with the sea.

A great sea or embankment is now being built on the North Sea coast, from the North Sea to the North Sea, from the North Sea to the North Sea. The sea is now being pumped out and protection provided against further encroachment. This is the story of the Dutch people's battle with the sea.

Communication with the North Sea will be maintained by a single line of communication and a single line of shipping. The construction of the embankment is expected to complete next year.

Only Autocracy Can Win Wars

A Humoral Storm Fleet Drives a Foul

ONE of the most dramatic incidents of the war is the story of the Dutch people's battle with the sea. The sea is now being pumped out and protection provided against further encroachment. This is the story of the Dutch people's battle with the sea.

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## MacLean's Magazine for 1918—Continued

MACLEAN'S always will provide around its characters—stories of metropolitan adventure, with all the romance and glamour and mystery that Arthur Stringer can weave into his fascinating tales.



Arthur Stringer

### W. A. Fraser At his best

W. A. FRASER is finishing a tremendous story—the best he has ever done. It will be called "The Blue Shores of Kootenai" and it will contain not only a wealth of sexual love but a thread of German romance and a charming love interest stated against a background of World mystery.

Every Canadian knows the W. A. Fraser of "Memento" and "Therapeutic". Well, the W. A. Fraser of "The Blue Shores of Kootenai" will be a revelation. He has perfected his art and tells a story that literally electrifies.

AT LAST!

### The Great Mogul

A YEAR ago the readers of MACLEAN'S were presented a gripping, colorful story by Arthur H. Vinton, "The Great Mogul". The young author has now been in such hot health that he has not been able to complete a last "polish". It will be about now—a story that starts in Canada and ends in India and deals with elephant hunts and Hindu magic in curious scenes. It is a fascinating story of love and adventure, full of wonder, mystery, of the deep jungle and the danger and most marvellous people of India's realm.

Arthur H. Vinton

## Another Service Series

LAST year Robert W. Service published his "Kipness of a Good Citizen" and began all readers for book sales in Canada—50,000. Previously the plot of these war poems had appeared in MACLEAN'S. Now he is at work on a new series, "Kipness at his best of Kipness" within sound of the "gun that bang without sound"—and the best of them will again appear first of all in MACLEAN'S.

This is a distinct triumph for MACLEAN'S and adds the glowing touch to our 1918 programme. A Service poem in every issue—this is something to look forward to!

## Covering The War

THERE are times that stories in the war of everyone today, the war, will be covered fully, fearlessly and differently. It is different for a monthly magazine to give articles that will be sufficiently different from the tremendous volume of matter that the newspapers and the weeklies publish—but MACLEAN'S is doing it. Book stories as General Diller's in December, the story of a soldier, and of Macgregor's in the present number, "Chronicle the Schismans," each story will be followed—outside sketches of the war in its most varied phases. In addition there will be articles on the broader phases of the struggle, articles which cannot be frequent new because so few know how the war is going. They will be by the greatest writers. Some are printed slowly by two of the greatest writers in the world—to wit:

H. G. WELLS  
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

## Right Out From The Shoulder

A FEATURE for the past six months has been the articles by Colonel John Edgar Webster, founder and publisher of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. Colonel Maclean has given straight, fearless talks and has secured more discussion than any other writer in the magazine. He will continue his articles during the



John Edgar Webster

## MacLean's Magazine for 1918—Continued

coming year and will continue to strike out as hard as ever at all bias, political inefficiency and retrogressive officialdom. There will be readings of statements in political circles and such a cutting of plain truths as the people of Canada do not get in our present news paper press.

This brings up to the pictorial side of the war. Arrangements have been made for special drawings by H. M. Cooper (the first from him in this issue) and by Cassirer McElroy.



Agnes C. Laet

## More Agnes Laet Articles

AGNES C. LAET has a remarkable faculty for getting at information—the inside story of national and international happenings and she can write them with a vigor and straightforwardness that is rare. Miss Laet will be found in every issue of MACLEAN'S for 1918. It is possible that she will go overseas soon and in that case readers of MACLEAN'S will have a chance to see what is happening in the war-battered lands of Europe through her observing eyes.

## Stephen Leacock of Course

PRACTICALLY every reader who takes the trouble to write to the editor about MACLEAN'S generally delights with "Don't forget to give us more Leacock. They are all about 'Germany From Within' and 'The Peace-makers' and 'In Dry Trenches'."

There will be more Leacock during 1918—as often as we can persuade Dr. Leacock to get to work. He is a busy man but he'll be in MACLEAN'S right along with his marvellous humor and his sparkling sense. Leacock of course.

## And These Features

SPACE will not permit us to tell the whole story. Some of the 1918 features must be mentioned with a saving reference that H. M. Cooper's first volume. For instance, "Kipness" and H. F. Guppy's "Kipness". And also "Kipness" and "Kipness". And also "Kipness" and "Kipness". And also "Kipness" and "Kipness".

Short Stories—and 4 stories by G. D. Roberts, Hopkins Moore, A. G. Allison, Madeline Macleish, Arthur H. Vinton, Foster, Helen Harold Brown, Peter H. Spence and many others.

## More Illustrations and Better

MACLEAN'S has shown, as before, most forward side articles in the pictorial side recently. During 1918 the improvement will be continued. Just look at this list of artists who will help to picture the scenes and "Kipness" the magazine.

E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
E. S. GORDON	ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

## The Review of Reviews

AS the magazine is to be made bigger there will be more space for what is probably our consistently best feature—The Review of Reviews. Practically every magazine and review published the world over is read before the articles are selected which run in this section. They represent, therefore, the cream of the current literature of the world in condensed form.

## The Business Department

THE usual departments at the front, the Business Outlook and the Investment Bulletin will be continued as at present. They are carefully edited by specially prepared men.

## Other Big Features Pending

THERE are several other features under negotiation which are so big and so vital that it would be ridiculous to give a hint as to their nature until the manuscripts are in their office and under lock and key—there's money in a story "twist author and editor" that they're making—and they are big.



Lord Colonel John Edgar Webster

ALTOGETHER 1918 is going to be a tremendous year for MACLEAN'S. The year which will see, in our issue, the final victory of the Allies will see another victory—the culmination of an ambitious plan to build a Canadian National Magazine.





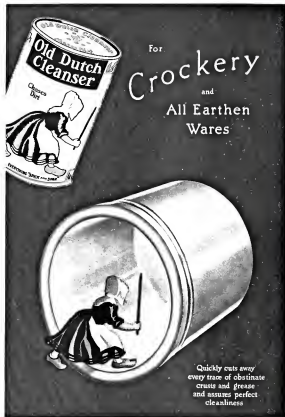












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